

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE HOSPITAL.

Narrow beds by one another—  
White and low;  
Through them softly, as in church aisles,  
Nurses go—  
For the best lips to soothe bringing,  
Cold and clear;  
Or white aprons gleaming closely  
For the bed.  
Strong men, in a moment emitted  
Down from strength;  
Save men, now in anguish praying,  
Death of length.  
Bene the night lamp, where the watchmen  
By the bed,  
Write for many a waiting loved one—  
"He is dead!"  
One lies there in quiet weakness—  
Shattered, faint—  
But his brow wears calm bedding  
Murmured saint;  
And though the lips must quiver,  
They are still;  
As he says: "This will be over,  
In a while."  
"As the old Crusaders, weeping  
In delirium;  
Kneel when Zion's holy city  
Rings in sight;  
So I long to see my weapons,  
From the din,  
To the quietness of Heaven  
Entering in."  
"Reading in the solemn shadow  
Of God's hand,  
Love of play fading from me,  
Love of food,  
I thank God that He has let me  
Strike one blow  
For His poor and helpless ones,  
Ere I go!"  
White and white grows the glory  
On his brow;  
Does he see the Towers of Zion  
Rising now?  
Stands the doctor weary, hurried,  
By his bed?  
"Here is room for one more wounded—  
If he is dead."

### HIGH PRIVATE.

"I am a man, and another be silent!  
Can I be silent, and another be silent?  
Another be silent, while I hear the feet  
If God will—God will."  
From my bed, and gold may be down;  
The hero may prosper, or, haply, the clown;  
The wise forego ahead, or the dance take the town;  
There's no telling what.  
One man will rise, while many must fall;  
One speaks the word, while ten hear the fall;  
Fame speaks for one, but death takes them all.  
The worm crawls on.  
Let me be silent, then—another be silent;  
Another be silent, while I hear the feet;  
Or do the more work, and get the less gear;  
I'll stand by my lot.

## Select Tale.

### THE FEMALE DECOY; —OR— THE CAPTAIN'S STRATAGEM.

What a contrast, the Captain thought, to the many residences of those whose disloyalty to their country had brought ruin and desolation upon themselves and their once happy homes. Upon reaching the mansion, he was at once shown into the presence of the fair mistress. When they had chatted a few minutes, a mulatto entered and announced that supper was waiting, and the lady preceded her visitor to the tea-room. Never, the Captain thought, had he sat down to a more pleasant meal. Everything was so fresh, so sweet, and so cheerful. The widow's manner, too, completely charmed him; her conversation was sparkling, and her smiles grew brighter every instant.

"Well, really, Captain," she said, "this is the first time you have done me the honor of a visit, and you have been in the neighborhood some two months or more. You Eastern people, I imagine, are not so sociable as we of the sunny South."

"I presume not, madam. We have not the leisure to give to social intercourse that you of the South, unemployed and free from care, have."

"Captain, tell me all about the war—what has been done?"

"I am but an humble Captain, madam, and am not expected to know more than my special duty. The programme of this war is in able hands, and I doubt not, will be executed to our satisfaction."

"But what have you from Washington? What's the latest rumor, even? Tell me something, do!"

"I have received no papers from the city for some time, and consequently am unable to satisfy your curiosity with regard to matters in that quarter."

"This, thought the Captain, seems to me very much like pumping."

"Why, Captain, you are not at all confidential. Even Lieutenant Franklin—"

"Lieutenant Franklin! What know you of him, madam?"

"I was merely going to observe that Lieutenant Franklin, when he visited me some weeks since, gave me far more information than you seem capable of doing."

"Lieutenant Franklin is missing from our camp."

"Deerly, probably."

"No, madam; he is an honorable man and a true soldier, and could not prove unfaithful to his duty."

"But how else do you account for his absence?" asked the lady.

"I cannot account for it at present, madam. It is a dark mystery to me, but I shall use my best endeavors to solve it."

"I will assist you, Captain, if you will accept my poor services."

There was a peculiar tone in the lady's voice, as she uttered these words, that Captain Stanwood did not quite fancy. She had evidently betrayed herself, too, when she mentioned Lieutenant Franklin's name. This had not escaped his notice at the time, but he concealed whatever feelings he might have experienced upon hearing the name of the missing man mentioned so unexpectedly. He glanced at her suddenly now, and his eyes caught a glimpse of a cunning, triumphant expression in her eyes, and a mocking curl of her lips.

"You are very kind, madam, but I cannot conceive how a lady can be of any assistance in discovering the fate of our missing brother-in-arms."

"Ah, Captain, you don't know what a woman is capable of—how much she can assist those she regards. But, Captain, I have a friend here to whom I would introduce you, with your permission."

"Great Heavens!" thought the Captain, "can it be possible that this woman's wiles have seduced the Lieutenant from his duty, and held him in thrall these five days, so near the camp, too? But I could almost forgive the rascal, for she is a charming piece of womanhood." And the Captain hoped, nay, almost expected that the next moment he would grasp the Lieutenant's hand. "I shall certainly be very happy to know your friend," he said, with a peculiar smile.

Madam Lareux rose from her chair, and stepping quickly across the room, opened a door communicating with another apartment, and said:

"Walk in, Colonel; Captain Stanwood is anxious to make your acquaintance."

"Colonel!" exclaimed the Captain, springing to his feet.

The next moment he was confronted by an officer in the uniform of the rebel army, while half a dozen soldiers with leveled muskets presented themselves at another door.

"Treacherous woman, you have betrayed me!" cried the Captain, casting a look of indignation and contempt upon Madam Lareux, who was laughing heartily over the success of her scheme. "I half suspected this, madam. But beware, sooner or later you will meet your reward!"

"Ah! Captain, you must acknowledge that a woman can assist her friends! But, pardon me, gentlemen, I promised you an introduction. Colonel Somers, allow me to make you acquainted with Capt. Stanwood, in the service of his lord and master, Abraham Lincoln; Capt. Stanwood, Colonel Eugene Somers, of the Confederate army."

The two officers bowed coldly.

"Captain," said Col. Somers, "you are my prisoner. I will relieve you of your sword."

Calmly drawing the weapon, he tendered it to the officer, while a smile quickened his lips and lit up his dark eyes.

"We have another member of your command in the house—Lieut. Franklin—who, I doubt not, will be glad to meet you. Madam Lareux and myself are old friends, and being idle just now in camp, I ran down to see the lady, for she had advised me of your presence in the neighborhood. On the occasion of my last visit here, I took back three of your company; but considering that our present two are officers, I think we must be satisfied, for we leave here for Richmond early to-morrow morning. Your pistols, Captain."

"I have only a revolver—a dangerous one—hair trigger," said the Captain, drawing the weapon from his breast.

"Allow me to discharge it, for fear that it might do you an injury," and before the Colonel could utter a word to the contrary, the Captain stepped quickly to the window and discharged the six barrels, the balls whistling through the trees, and the reports echoing among the buildings of the estate.

The next instant two scores of stalwart fellows in the uniform of the Federal army came pouring through the windows, doors, and by any means of ingress which was handy, and ranged themselves into line opposite the rebels, their muskets leveled, and their fingers nervously pressing the triggers.

"Hold, men!" exclaimed the Captain. "Let no man fire until you get the command. Col. Somers, you are my prisoner. Your sword, sir, and mine. Now order your men to stack their muskets."

The rebel Colonel bore the sudden change in his fortunes with an ill grace. But as he saw that resistance was wholly useless, he therefore delivered up the sword, and gave orders to his men to stack arms, and fall in line as prisoners.

"In what part of this house is Lieut. Franklin confined, woman?" demanded Capt. Stanwood, in a hard, stern tone, turning to Madam Lareux.

"Orderly Thompson, take six men, and search the house for Lieut. Franklin!"

The Orderly and a dozen of the company sprang to execute the order.

In five minutes they returned, bearing Lieut. Franklin on their shoulders, making the house ring with their shouts of joy.

"Now, Orderly, secure your prisoners. Let two men take care of these women; guard her well, that she does not slip away."

When all was ready, the party left the house, and proceeded down the avenue to the road, where they halted; and the Captain, turning to Madam Lareux, said:

"Your plot was well laid, madam, but you see it has failed in my eyes. I had an undefined suspicion that

## Miscellaneous.

### THE LAY OF THE "BOUNTY JUMPER."

A flat-browed man, with a furtive eye,  
Rode in the rear of a drinking den,  
And told his money with glib ease,  
And muttered: "By Jove, I'll try it again!"

"Five hundred dollars an easy make!"  
Jolly good gain from the national mill!  
Hark! for the "Bounty Jumper's" trade!  
It's better than "faking" or robbing a till!"

"Mandlin Nag" said he "gay" to-night!  
Wasn't the Sergeant a precious fella!  
To think the "Reb" I wanted to fight!  
But I'm a Copperhead Democrat!"

"I'm for Davis, and Johnson, and Lee,  
Every Yankee they 'gobble' or kill,  
Is just another good chance for me,  
To have a 'shy' at the 'bounty mill'!"

"I'm 'Skeech' and I'll tell you what:  
Half the fellows that 'sympathize',  
And holler for 'Peace', are just a lot  
Of 'bounty jumpers', and such, in disguise!"

"To-morrow I'll try the Jersey chase,  
And so here goes for the 'lightning train'!  
They give a big bounty; and then, perhaps—  
By Jove! here's the 'prowest good' again!"

A flat-browed man, with a furtive eye,  
That flashes now with a hidden glare  
Of terror and heat on the passer-by,  
Winds up the street like a hunted hare!

"Halt or I fire! Halt, I say!"  
Not but a nod, and the corner is pegged!  
The villain holds on in his desperate way!  
A rifle crack!—he has leapt his ledge!

He has run his race of sorrow and shame,  
To the deadly goal that is ever in sight;  
The shadow of sin lies over his name!  
And "Magg" will be "gay" withal to-night!

### The Hostile Indians on the Plains—Their Superstition.

To the Editor of the World:—A curious fact in connection with the recent Indian atrocities along the overland route, is probably not generally understood, and may not be uninteresting to the public.

The Indians have never disturbed the telegraph line, although they have plundered, burned and murdered at various points along the line. They regard the wire as the breathing spirit of the Almighty, and are filled with superstitious awe over its performances. This feeling owes its origin to the following ingenious expedient on the part of Mr. Creighton, a Superintendent of the Overland Telegraph line, designed to protect it against Indian molestation:

By arrangement he secured the attendance at Fort Kearney and Larimer—five hundred miles apart—of two influential chiefs of the Sioux and Arapaho tribes. They had not met for many months, but were intimate friends. Their relations with each other had been such that questions and answers between them were on a comprehensible to themselves. They talked together for an hour, but both manifested incomprehension, and suspected some pale face jugglery. To make the impression more forcible, Mr. Creighton at once arranged to have both chiefs simultaneously from the respective points, and meet midway for consultation. Two weeks were consumed in the journey, and the "red brothers met in council." Of course, a comparison of notes dissolved every doubt, and strengthened the superstition and awe which had at first inspired them.

The effect of this ingenious arrangement has been of great advantage to the Overland Telegraph lines. The wires have never been broken by the Indians, even when stretches of hundreds of miles over which the line passes have been ravaged by predatory bands.

The very fact that the line has not been molested during the recent troubles, disproves the assumption that "savage" guerrillas have led the savages in their bloody work. If white men had been connected with these outrages, the wires would have been cut at a dozen points.

Respectfully yours,  
EDWARD BUSH,  
100 Broadway.

The French papers call Semmes "The Hero of Sixty Obstructions."

### General Sheridan.

Philip Henry Sheridan, to whom the country is indebted for the great triumph in Virginia, is a native of Perry County, Ohio, born in the year 1831. He was graduated at the West Point Military Academy in July, 1855, and at that time entered the army as a brevet 2d lieutenant of the 1st United States Infantry. During the years 1855-4-5 he served in the Indian campaigns in Texas; and in July of the last mentioned year, after serving a few months in command of one of the forts in New York harbor, he was ordered to California. Engaged for a while in the Government railroad surveys on the Pacific coast, he was detached from that service to take part in the campaign against the Indians in Oregon Territory. In the severe campaign under Major Rains, he greatly distinguished himself, and was highly praised by his commander for gallant and meritorious conduct in the fight at the Cascades of Columbia, April 23, 1856.

For the part he took in the settlement of the Indian troubles in Oregon, General Sheridan was very warmly eulogized by General Scott, then General-in-Chief of the army. Just after the breaking out of the rebellion he was made captain in the 13th infantry, and served for several months in St. Louis as president of a military commission convened at that place. In December, 1861, he was made Quartermaster of the Army of the Southwest, then operating in Southern Missouri, and afterwards in Arkansas under General Samuel R. Curtis. He remained with that army until after the great battle of Pea Ridge, in the spring of 1862, when he was appointed Chief Quartermaster on the staff of General Halleck, then in command of the army before Corinth.

In May, 1862, he was offered, and accepted the command of the 2d Michigan cavalry, and from this time he was in his proper element, and his great merits as a soldier in active field service were rapidly developed. Three days after he assumed command, (May 30,) he fought and defeated a considerable body of rebel cavalry near Corinth. In eleven days after this he was entrusted with the command of a brigade of cavalry; and on the 1st of July he vindicated the choice of his commander by fighting and defeating a rebel cavalry force of nine regiments under the notorious Chalmers. This action was so brilliant that it won for him the star of a brigadier. And the fact that he won his way by sheer force of active and meritorious service from the rank of major to that of general officer. In September of the same year he was given the command of the 3d division of the Army of the Ohio, then operating under Boel, in Kentucky. He fought his brigade with distinguished gallantry and success in the severe battle of Perryville, in October of that year; and again, with still greater distinction, under General Hancock, in the victorious Manassas campaign in December, 1862, and January, 1863. His services at this time were of such distinguished merit that he was made a Major General, to date from December 31, 1862. From that time on, his career in the Tullahoma, Chattanooga, and Chickamauga campaigns of Gen. Rosecrans, in the Chattanooga and Mission Ridge campaigns with General Grant, and in the great campaign of the Army of the Potomac, commencing in May, 1863, all the time as a most accomplished and successful General of a corps of cavalry, is still so fresh in the memory of the people as to render more particular mention unnecessary.

His dashy expedition to the rear of the rebel lines near the Wilderness, in May last; his destructive foray on the Virginia Central Railroad in June, and his almost ubiquitous operations against the enemy, with the splendid cavalry he had imbued with his own soldierly spirit, made him the terror of Lee's army in the early months of the campaign.

In all his various operations, whether as a subaltern in an Indian campaign, in the difficult executive duties of the quartermaster's office, as the colonel of a cavalry regiment, as the general of an infantry division, as the general of a cavalry corps, or in a higher and more responsible position of commanding general of an independent army in the field, Philip Henry Sheridan, now Major General, and Brigadier in the regular army, by appointment, has shown himself a most thorough and accomplished soldier, and well deserving of the laurel wreath the victories of Winchester and Fisher's Hill will cast upon his brow.

VERY GRAPHIC.—The army correspondents of the dailies get off at times very graphic and striking pictures. The following from the N. Y. Tribune, describing some rebel prisoners, is a case in point: "Long haired, small snaky eyes, high cheek bones, with shoulder blades like the shirt collar of a Broadway swell, peering above their ears; unkempt beards and stooping gait, indicative of the beasts of burden that they are. These are the rank and file, the sand-hillers and crackers, the 'poor white trash' of the chivalric South. Then comes the tall, broad, more delicate eyebrow under his sharp, fleshy nose—this lips, cat fish mouth—with short body, long attenuated legs, and reaching far below the knees—physiologically asserted as a penalty nature imposes upon the intermarriage of the chivalry to maintain the purity of Cavalier blood—nursed by 'negro mamma,' pepped on whiskey, coddled on tobacco, this is your F. F. V. officer."

### LASHED TO THE MAST.

Past the scented field  
Dashed boldly the ships;  
Guns belching forth fire  
From their red-hot lips!  
The crews sworn together  
To stand to the last  
By the bones of Adams!  
Lashed to the mast!

Amid the smoke dotted  
The stripes and the stars;  
Above the din was heard  
The shouts of the tars!  
None cared for the danger,  
And none stood aghast;  
Was not the Admiral  
Lashed to the mast!

The lead shot of the guns,  
The shock of the shells!  
The air filled with smoke,  
And sulphurous smells!  
A hail of hot iron  
Thick falling and fast  
Rounded the brave Admiral,  
Lashed to the mast!

The deck of the flag-ship  
Slippery with gore,  
Thundering from every  
Rope gun that she bore!  
More bright than the sun  
In the fearful hour,  
Went by the Admiral,  
Lashed to the mast!

O, how it rattles the heart  
Of loyal and true,  
To think of that fight  
In the Bay of Mobile!  
When our navy was leveled  
More than the past,  
Under old Farragut,  
Lashed to the mast!

The American navy—  
The best in the world!  
The American banner—  
The proudest ensign!  
The American sailor—  
Let cannons answer!  
The type of the bravest,  
Lashed to the mast!

### Twenty-Three Reasons

Why loyal Democrats can no longer act with the so-called Democratic party.

1. The only sympathizers with rebels in the North, are Democrats.
2. The soldiers from the North in the rebel army, are Democrats.
3. The Republican party never furnishes a traitor to the flag, or a recruit to the rebel army.
4. The only persons at the North who justify or apologize for the rebels, are Democrats.
5. The only party leaders at the North supported by the disloyal, are Democrats.
6. The men elected to office at the North, about whose loyalty there is any question, are Democrats.
7. The only men at the North who try to divide loyal men and embarrass the government, are Democrats.
8. The only newspapers at the North whose loyalty is doubted by anybody, are Democrats.
9. The only newspapers that have been suppressed for treasonable sentiments, either by the government or returned soldiers, are Democrats.
10. The only men at the North who say our soldiers who go to fight for the government ought to be shot, are Democrats.
11. The only men arrested during the war, in our lines acting as spies for the enemy, are Democrats.
12. The only men at the North who oppose the employment of negroes to render our soldiers from hardships, and save their lives in digging ditches, are Democrats.
13. The only men at the North who oppose the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and want the rebels to retain their negroes to raise provisions for the rebel army, while their masters are shooting down our brothers and sons, are Democrats.
14. The only men who oppose the war to crush the rebellion, and threaten resistance to the laws, and revolution in the North, are Democrats.
15. The only men at the North who have offered to lead a mob to hurl the President from the government, by force and applaud the sentiment, are Democrats.
16. The only men at the North who favor, or hint at disunion, in the separation of the West from New England, and the alliance of the Western States with the Confederacy, are Democrats.
17. The only men at the North who mean to denounce the government and refuse to fight to maintain it, and discourage others from doing it, and their claim equal rights and protection under its laws, are Democrats.
18. The only men who seek to demoralize our army and advise them to desert, are Democrats.
19. The only men at the North who look upon our armed and confessed traitors as their friends and allies, are Democrats.
20. The only men who have raised the cry of Abolitionism against loyal men for sustaining the government and opposing the rebels, are Democrats.
21. The only men who ever threatened to dissolve the Union if they got beaten at the ballot-box, and thereby lost the spoils, are Democrats.
22. The only men engaged in the rebellion to overthrow the government, because they are not willing the voice of the people in the ballot-box shall govern, are Democrats.
23. The only men whose disloyalty and sympathy with the open foes of the government will disgrace their memory and curse their posterity, are Democrats.

The New Orleans Times says when the loyal Democrats at Mobile heard the guns of our fleet at the mouth of the bay, they smiled; and said, "Das ist Farragut!"

### Memorials of Lane.

Packages of documents under the frank of J. M. Edmunds, U. S. Land Commissioner, have been received through the Post Office, this week, from Washington, containing speeches made at a ratification meeting in June, also a pamphlet containing an obituary notice of James H. Lane.

Whether a general officer of the Government is justifiable in prostituting his frank, and loading the public mail with matter intended to advance the fortunes of a private individual, is perhaps a question about which honest men may honestly differ; but in reference to the character of the trash which the tax payers are burdened to disseminate, there can be but a single opinion.

This life of James H. Lane was evidently written by some gentleman accustomed to preparing show bills for popular stations, and needs nothing but the top cut to complete the resemblance. The pedigrees and performances are set out with a profusion of italics and small capitals, which must have been a severe trial to the office where the job was done.

It is far from being an exhaustive compendium of the deeds of his infamous subjects, and is noteworthy for what it omits rather than for what it discloses.

It says nothing of the fact that Mr. Lane murdered an inoffensive citizen for drinking a bucket of water from a well which was sunk on disputed premises.

In speaking of his services in connection with the Topeka Convention, it is silent upon the fact that he was convicted of having tampered with the Constitution formed by that body, and altered it in Washington to forward his personal ends; an act for which he was denounced by Sumner, Seward and Douglas, as an infamous forger, unfit to be recognized by honorable men.

### THE NATION'S PRAYER.

[The Nation's Watchword and the Nation's Prayer, "God-Grant-Victory," which appeared in our columns a short time since, has been beautifully illustrated in verse, and published in the New York Post.]

Father, in Thy throne ascending,  
List the Nation's Prayer in Thine:  
With their hearts and voices leading—  
God-Grant-Victory!

We have suffered, O our Father,  
In the great cause—Liberty:  
New we come to Thee for rescue—  
God-Grant-Victory!

Vacant chairs are in our households,  
That in anguish often whisper—  
God-Grant-Victory!

Father, never let base traitors,  
In this land of brave and free,  
Ride o'er those whose hearts are saying—  
God-Grant-Victory!

Thus to Thee our prayer is rising—  
This we humbly come to Thee,  
Asking Thee, in broken accents—  
God-Grant-Victory!

But if Thou would'st longer chasten,  
Knowing that in His good pleasure,  
God will Grant us Victory!

Then, when this dread strife is over,  
And the day of Peace we see,  
We shall keep our country's watchword—  
God and Grant us Victory!

[Written on the occasion of the National Reception at Toledo, after being relieved of his Command.]

BY W. A. CHAPMAN.

Ye Gods! How easy peace seems when it's won!  
What cheap applause the Jersey welkin shouts,  
When "Little Blue" was glorified and crowned,  
As he the saddle for the shaggy steed!  
Pope was the only foe he's ever defeated,  
Tension the only foe he's ever met!

[No soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present advances are ready for peace," etc.—General McClellan.]

There was an old man, who said: "How  
Shall I flee from this horrible cow!"  
I will sit on the stile,  
And continue to smile,  
Which may soften the heart of this cow," etc.

### McClellan at Malvern Hill.

We find the following statement about McClellan's retreat from Malvern Hill in the Rev. J. J. Mark's able history of "The Peninsula Campaign in Virginia." "This is a piece of history which will be difficult for General McClellan to explain. The statement is the more important that it now comes from the fact that the Rev. Mr. Marks wrote his history immediately after McClellan abandoned the Peninsula.

It was not written for political effect, nor by a politician, but by an army chaplain, who was a faithful witness of the scenes which he describes. We copy it now for the benefit of the people who are invited to vote for the General who came away from victory which the glorious old Army of the Potomac had won. Mr. Marks says:

"The battle was over, but the cannonading still continued, and shells and balls of every kind tore through the woods in a ceaseless whirlwind of fury. In the meantime, thousands of the Confederates fled in the wildest disorder from the scene, and hid themselves in swamps and hollows; soldiers without guns, horsemen without caps and swords came to the hospitals in the battle-field of Glendale, and reported that their regiment and brigades were swept away, and they alone were 'escaped to tell the tale.'"

It is one of the strangest things in this week of disaster that General McClellan ordered a retreat to Harrison's Landing, six miles down the river, after we had gained so decided a victory. When this order was received by the impatient and eager army, consternation and amazement overwhelmed our patriotic and ardent hosts. Some refused to obey the command. General Martindale shed tears of shame. The brave and chivalrous Kearney said in the presence of many officers: 'I, Philip Kearney, an old soldier, enter my protest against this order for retreat—we ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond. And in full view of all the responsibility of such a declaration, I say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason.'"

And with all, hopelessness and despair succeeded the flash of triumph: "In silence and gloom our victorious army commenced retreating from an enemy utterly broken, scattered and panic-stricken. And when there was not a foe within miles of us, we left our wounded behind to perish, and any one who followed the wild eagerness of our retreat would have supposed that we were in the greatest peril from a vigilant and triumphant enemy."

This statement has been corroborated in many ways and on many occasions, by the wonderment expressed in the newspapers, why McClellan did not push forward his army, and enter Richmond; and declaring that at that time there would have been scarcely a shadow of resistance to the approach of the Union army.

Was this cowardice, or was it treason, on the part of McClellan? Either born of the dilemma goes him fatally!"

The Chattanooga Gazette says there is no use administering the oath of allegiance to rebels there, and we can't find an oath that will choke to death the party who violate it.

The Democracy say they want peace. Then why did they bring on the war when we had peace?